

# THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

NEWARK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1799.

NUMBER 52.

From the RAMBLER.

## History of Ten Days of SEGED, EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA.

[Concluded.]

—*Volat ambiguus  
Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli  
Præstat velox fortuna fidem.*

SENeca.

On fickle wings the minutes haste,  
And fortune's favours never last. F. Lewis.

ON the fourth morning Seged rose early refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart, "This day shall be a day of pleasure." The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes mingled with the dancers, sometimes let loose his imaginations in flights of merriment; and sometimes uttered grave reflections and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness conferred by himself filled his heart with satisfaction: but having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women, and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake, but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquility. He had, however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not been now disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day, might easily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found that dis-

content and melancholy were not to be frightened away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantries, by proposing prizes for those who should, on the following day, distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the antichamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance, or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated puts an end to that tranquility which is necessary to mirth, and that the mind, that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, must be first smoothed by a total calm.—Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes enforced admiration: & Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest, and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day; for considering himself as obliged to distribute, with exact justice, the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time upon the rack of doubt, in ballancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and thinking, that on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged soon saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the crowd; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had intitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph on the mortification of their opponents. "Behold here," said Seged, "the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others." He then retired to meditate; and, while the cour-

tiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes, or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacency throughout the whole court, and the emperor imagined, that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in his careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbour murmuring alone: "What merit has Seged above us, that we should thus fear and obey him; a man whom, whatever he may have formerly performed, his luxury now shews to have the same weakness with ourselves." This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting that what was spoken, without intention to be heard, was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy, and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquility, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of his clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Gojama. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquility was again disturbed by jealousies which the late contest for the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eighth morning Seged was awakened early, by an unusual hurry in the apartments, and enquiring the cause, was told that the Princess Balkis was seized with sickness. He rose and calling the Physicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: all his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed upon the tenth day.

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a short respiration from the



fatigues of war and the cares of government.— This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say, "This day shall be a day of happiness."

From the RAMBLER.

## ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

A GREENLAND STORY.

(Concluded.)

*Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores,  
Non si frigoribus mediis Hebrunq; bibamus,  
Sithouiaque nives hinc subeamus aquosa,—  
Omnia vincit amor.* VIRGIL.

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,  
Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,  
Or the mild bliss of temperate skies forego,  
And in mid winter tread Sithouian snow:—  
Love conquers all. DRYDEN.

ANNINGAIT, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal-oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea side; and, when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud, that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood awhile to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, "that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the rein-deer; that his dart might never err and that his boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the ice nor faint in the water; and that the seal might rush on his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of

absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers, and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. "O life," says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storm drives and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above, and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure! but a sudden blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes forever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had not yet called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the fingers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with a smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun.— In a few weeks I will return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roefish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise, that when Ajut should consult him he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The

Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlanders; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated; she remonstrated; she wept, and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the patience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected on their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach; where finding a fishing boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some were of opinion that they were changed into stars; others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlanders would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

## ANECDOTE.

A Spanish Friar, returning at night to some company in which he had been rather too well entertained, or in other words, made tipsy, happened to encounter a streak of moonshine in the street, which he mistook for a dangerous river. He accordingly prepared for passing it, by adjusting his lower garments and offering his prayers to the patron saint of his order. Having passed dry shod over this cataract of moonlight, he reported it as a miracle to his convent, from whence it was soon widely proclaimed, and universally believed, to the honour of the wonderful working friar.



NEWARK, FEBRUARY 9.

THE PROPRIETORS of the RURAL MAGAZINE inform its Patrons, that its publication will be terminated by the present number.

When this, their child, was first ushered into the world, from its anticipated usefulness to society, they were fondly led to flatter themselves, that many would be willing to take it under their fostering care, and willing, not only to contribute to its necessary subsistence, but to supply many decorations, which might render its appearance pleasing and attractive, and thereby allure others to an equal liberality, at least till it should attain to a sufficient degree of maturity, from its own strength to support itself; but they have unhappily been disappointed.

A very slender patronage has afforded it but a scanty subsistence, and so wholly inattentive have its patrons been to its appearance, as scarcely ever to have furnished it a single article of dress, though at the small expense of an old garment—upon the feeble efforts of the Editor alone, to whose care we committed our fondling, has it depended for its appearance, who for want of more ability, has been obliged, from his own scanty and rusty wardrobe, to supply the nursing with all its apparel, from whence no doubt its appearance has often been too familiar to attract attention, and frequently so shabby as to create dislike.

That the Rural Magazine, under these circumstances, should have exhibited a sickly aspect, is not surprising, and that its termination is at length announced, can be productive of no great astonishment to the public.

Whilst the Proprietors return their sincere thanks to those, whose patronage has contributed hitherto to its support, (they make known with regret, the causes which have occasioned them to abandon their undertaking, the want of a sufficient subscription, and literary assistance, two essentials to the support of all similar publications.

To these causes, no doubt, may justly be attributed the failure of almost every other periodical publication, which has made its appearance in this country, and which will continue, at least the former of them, to obstruct the advancement of literature and the diffusion of knowledge, until the minds of the people of America become so far liberalized, as to be influenced to extend their patronage, by something beyond the mere selfish expectation of receiving their penny's worth in return.

It is such a disposition only, that will give sufficient encouragement to genius, to call forth its exertions, and which will produce in this country works of real merit, instead of the trifling, uninteresting, and nonsensical productions, which have in too great a proportion, either originated in, or found their way into it—for while too great a degree of self-interest operates upon the mind of the patron, the adventurer, whether author or publisher of a work, has nothing to anticipate beyond a bare equivalent, in case of success, and this to be calculated with the greatest nicety by an exact patron, not so much perhaps by the real merits of the work, as by its size, length, and other external marks of value—Hence all experiments must be made at the sole risk of the undertaker, and hence that discouragement to literary enterprise, which a greater degree of liberality would remedy.

The amount of the subscription of an individual to any work, it must be evident, is very small in comparison with the value of the whole work; in the same proportion must be the risk of the patron to that of the author or publisher, and of their respective loss; so that in case of a miscarriage of the work, or a disappointment in its fancied value, the loss of the patron can be but inconsiderable, whereas the loss of the adventurer of the work, may effect his ruin.

A general and liberal patronage will give every work, at least a fair trial, by bringing it before the public, and thereby enabling them to judge of its merits, whereas, for the want of this, no doubt, many works of merit are left to moulder in the closet of their author, useless to the world.

General patronage, with respect to publications, may be assimilated to a general seminary, where an opportunity is afforded for the cultivation of every mind, and thereby every latent genius is brought to light, whilst, by a more limited plan of education, many would have been neglected. So public patronage, when liberally extended, has a tendency to call forth the exertions of every genius, and to exhibit to the public every essay, and thus nothing is lost by neglect—When once introduced, their respective merits may become the subject of just criticism, and their future destiny depend upon public approbation.

—THE MORALIST—

WHEN we reflect, on the extreme uncertainty of life, and the infinite importance of dying well, what can justify that imprudent, that unaccountable forgetfulness of death in which the great mass of mankind seem profoundly buried? My young friends! do you rely upon your youth, as if just entering on the morning of life, you had a long day before you, and ample time to indulge in pleasure? Ah! youth is a tender flower that often decays as soon as it is blown. The tenderness and delicacy of the human frame in this period, its passions, its excesses, its indiscretions its inexperience render it more exposed than any other age to fatal accidents. Do you trust to the vigor of your health? Not to mention how often we have seen habitual decrepitude and infirmity wrapped in the same thoughtlessness of their approaching change, what is health but a vapour scattered by the lightest breath? What is vigour but augmented fuel for the most violent disorders? How often have we seen the most luxuriant strength suddenly fall under the all-destroying scythe of death, as if God had mowed it down on purpose to shew how little we ought to confide in it? If it were more durable than it is, what is the longest life allotted to man but a hasty vision that flies like a dream, as rapid, and almost as unsubstantial? Nay, what is the whole succession of ages since the commencement of time in which generations and empires have appeared and passed away like phantoms gliding over the stage? In relation to eternity, and the great work which we have to fulfil for eternity, how short!—Anticipated time seems long to the young and inexperienced, as if they had hours and days, and years to spare; but, when it comes to a close, and they look back upon it, it appears, as a moment, as a point, as nothing—it is vanished, and its duties, perhaps, remain unfulfilled. Life is fluctuating with perpetual uncertainty, and is hastening to lose itself in eternity. Vain mortals are borne down the stream of time as on the bosom

of a mighty river on which they incessantly disappear and succeed one another in the midst of its tempestuous waves. At no moment are they secure—they ought therefore to be always prepared for an event that every moment may surprise them. *Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the son of man cometh.*

MARY—A FRAGMENT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

MISERY, distress, and remorse, were pictured in her countenance, in such striking colours, as would have made a Herod sympathize with her. She could not have shed a tear—that would have eased her rending heart. “O virtue!” sighed she, while every feature bore irresistible evidence of her approaching dissolution—the finger of death was visibly on her—“how unhappily have I swerved from thy path! but—Divine Father!—to thee it is known—that misplaced confidence—not the power of vice—has been the cause of my ruin—and blasted the fairest prospects that ever opened upon any of my sex!—Deluded girl! Cruel, perfidious Polydore! May Heaven forgive you—as with my last breath I do. May you repent, and enjoy happiness—that happiness which you have robbed me of!—But who could have suspected that villainy possessed the bosom of one, whose every look, whose every action appeared the offspring of the purest virtue—of the most tender sensibility? May every innocent, unsuspecting girl take warning by my fate! May she shun the approaches of temptation! May she have it impressed on her mind, that “*she who hesitates is lost*”—and that security is only to be found in flying from contest! . . . . . Alas! alas! little did I . . . little did my fond parents imagine this . . . would be . . . my tragical end—O heavens! forgive, if possible . . . this one . . . this irreparable error . . . let the sincere . . . contrition . . . of my soul . . . atone for my crime—” . . . . . More she would have said—but she sunk in death. At this moment, Polydore arrived. When he beheld her ghastly form, anguish and horror seized his guilty soul—the perfidy and villainy of his conduct stared him in the face—He knelt down by the side of the angel whom he had corrupted and destroyed. He kissed her wan cheek—he sighed—he raved—he wept bitterly,—“Dear maid” said he, “thou art gone—I have infamously robbed you of peace—of happiness—of virtue—and even of life itself—but thus shall I expiate my guilt.” He then seized a sword, and plunging it into his breast, fell down by her side—and groaned out his soul in agonies of horror and despair.



—OBITUARY—

DIED—At Hackensack, Mr. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.

Complete Sets of the Rural Magazine may be had at this Office, bound agreeably to the taste of the purchaser, upon reasonable terms.

Subscribers who may wish to preserve the Files, can have them bound upon the short notice, and those of them whose numbers be incomplete, can be supplied with those are wanting, upon like terms.



## POETRY.

*This pleasing art of poetry's design'd  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the first great cause of things.*

### POSTHUMOUS.

#### ANOTHER BRANCH OF THE MAPLE,

*From P. PENCIL, deceased.*

**B**UT cease, my Muse, celestial ways to scan,  
Thine bethe task to trace the works of man;  
Teach him to obey the first, great law of Heaven,  
To rightly use the bounties freely given.

In winter's leisure, let thy thoughtful care,  
The copious tray and finish'd tube prepare,  
The tray of maple, other wood might blend  
Its loathsome juices, and the taste offend.  
When genial Spring commands the sap to rise,  
Then let the auger of the larger size  
Inflit the wound; the inserted tube convey  
The silver current to the cleanly tray.

My Muse forbids the liberal tree to mar,  
And wrests the axe, that deals the deadly scar.  
Oft have I seen the child, with sad abuse  
Of teeth, by nature given for other use,  
Too long indulg'd in fond, maternal arms,  
Untaught by love, unaw'd by female charms,  
Too eager for the food, that cheers its heart,  
Wound those fair orbs, that streams of life impart.  
Nor scarcely blam'd the vengeful hand that rose,  
To teach due caution, by untimely blows.

And Philom, once, as rural tales relate,  
A hapless rustic, shar'd severer fate.  
O'er his low cot a generous maple spread  
Her ample shade; her sap its tenants fed:  
The heedless axe the deep incision made,  
Corroding frost upon her fibres prey'd,  
Till rudely ask'd her annual boon to pay,  
Few drops remain'd to weep her sad decay.  
While all the forest smiles in blithsome green,  
A fading foliage marks its injur'd queen;  
O'er her thorn boughs the redbreast sighs its grief,  
And sings a dirge to every falling leaf.

One fatal night arose the ruthless storm,  
That stripp'd each leaf and with'd her comely form;

Revenge, no longer able to forego,  
She falls, like Sampson, on her heedless foe—  
He, wife, and offspring, meet their mournful doom,  
And find, beneath the wreck, one common tomb.

#### ADJOURDHUI\* at DEMAIN.†

##### AN EPILOGUE.

Two Charletans in former ages,  
Demain and Adjourdhui his sire,  
Somewhere—suppose upon the Loire,  
Set up their different stages.

*Adjourdhui bawl'd out to every passer by  
"Stop, if you're wise, the present hour enjoy;  
The goods I sell I give in hand,  
Fair dealing all, no contraband.  
Son, if you'll my word believe,  
I promise much, and nothing give;  
The winter—  
the bed, ———— To-morrow.*

I hear him call you to his lure,  
And ask no money, if no cure;  
But if you trust to what he says,  
You will repent it all your days."

When now Demain, all tinsel'd o'er,  
(No Mountebank e'er glittered more,)  
In pompos state, flood full in view,  
And thus harangued the dazzled crew:  
"I come not here my friends by way of job.  
To cheat your senses or to tax your sob,  
No, no; you'll find me honest, true and steady;  
As for my father there with all his noise  
About your welfare and your real joys  
What tells he ought, but what you have already?  
For me, when I my goods unfold,  
You'll find them worth their weight in gold.

Would you your rival's hopes defeat,  
At court be powerful and great;  
Or what is better still than all,  
Be happy in the marriage state?  
Say what you will, I wait your call,  
Is wealth your passion, name the sum,  
Have you ne'er tasted perfect bliss?  
'Not I, nor know I what it is.'  
Why live in hopes, 'tis all to come:  
You see my Sire TO-DAY, look on,  
Presto; where is he now? he's gone."

The Juggler thus th'unthinking crowd deceiv'd  
Alone was handse'd, and alone believ'd.

And ever since too true we find,  
Man to his real interest blind;  
Neglect TO-DAY, and to his sorrow  
Wait for the promise of TO-MORROW.

*From Dr. Dwight's beautiful Poem.*

##### "NEW-ENGLAND DESCRIBED."

COLD is thy clime, but every western blast  
Brings health, and life, and vigor, on its wings;  
Innerves the stately frame, and firms the soul  
With strength and hardihood; wakes each bold  
And manly purpose; bears above the ills  
That stretch upon the rack the languid heart  
Of summer's maiden sons, in pleasure's lap  
Dandled to dull repose. Exertion strong  
Marks their whole life. Mountains before them  
sink,

To mole-hills; oceans bar their course in vain.  
Thro' the keen wintry winds they break their way,

Or summer's fiercest flame. Dread dangers  
rouse

Their hearts to pleasing conflicts; toils and war  
Quickened their ardor; while in milder climes,  
Their peers effeminate they see, with scorn  
On lazy plains, dissolv'd in putrid sloth,  
And struggling hard for being. Thy rough soil  
Tempted hardy Labour, with his sturdy team,  
To turn, with sinewy hand, the stony glebe,  
And call forth ev'ry comfort from the mould,  
Unpromising, but kind. Thy houses, barns,  
Thy granaries, and thy cellars, hence are stor'd  
With all the sweets of life; while thro' thy realm  
A native beggar seldom pains the sight.

Thy summer glows with heat; but choicest fruits  
Hence purple in the sun; hence sparkling flowers  
Gem the landscape: double harvests hence  
Load the full fields: pale Famine scowls aloof;  
And Plenty wantons round the varied year.  
Rough is thy surface; but each landscape bright,  
With all of beauty, all of grandeur dress'd,  
Of mountains, hills, and sweetly winding vales,

Of forests, groves, and lawns and meadows green  
And waters, varied by the plastic hand,  
Thro' all their fairy splendor, ceaseless, charms  
Poetic eyes. Spring, bubbling round the year,  
Gay-wand'ring brooks, wells at the surface full,  
Yield life, and health, and joy, to every house,  
And every vivid field. Rivers, with foamy course  
Pour o'er the rugged cliff, the white cascade,  
And roll unnumber'd mills; or like the Nile,  
Fatten the beauteous interval; or bear  
The sails of commerce thro' the laughing groves.  
Hence every swain, free, happy his own lord,  
With useful knowledge fraught, of business, laws  
Morals, religion, life unaw'd by man,  
And doing, all, but ill, his heart can wish,  
Looks round, and finds strange happiness his own.

### ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely Pow'r whose bosom heaves the sigh,

When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;  
Whose tears spontaneously crystalize the eye,  
When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey  
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare:

Not dew drops glittering in the morning ray,  
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;  
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;  
No blood-stain'd traces, mark thy blameless way,  
Beneath thy feet no helpless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead  
with me,

To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,  
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,  
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,  
And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,

Let us, slow wandering, where the current flows,  
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,  
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;  
Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear a share,  
And justly boast a generous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,  
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,  
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,  
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,  
And sinking nature own the dread decay,  
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,  
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

### EPIGRAM.

'Tis plain (says John) wealth cannot save,  
For Cæsar lies within his grave;  
He was so good, some really think,  
That virtue was his meat and drink—  
Says Tom, if thence he drew his breath,  
No doubt but he was starv'd to death.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,

For the PROPRIETORS.

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